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VOL. I.
No. 1.

CITY

November 19,
1875.

JACKDAW



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BY THE AUTHOR

"CRIMINAL MANCHESTER."

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 1.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1875.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A WORD TO THE WISE ONLY.

[TO BE READ BETWEEN THE LINES.]

SCENE.—*The Jackdaw Office. Time: After church on Sunday morning.*

Mr. Jackdaw. Now look here, Old Shine-by-Night, are you going to be editor of the *Jackdaw*, or am I. It's all one and the same to me. If you'll be editor why I'll go to the devil, and see that he looks after the other departments of the paper. That's agreed on then; I can look after the scandals.

Old Shine-by-Night. Well, you know I have had experience elsewhere, and if you want any testimonials you can have them from Owd Nick.

Mr. Jackdaw. Owd who?

Old Shine-by-Night. Owd Nick; Conservative to the backbone, trades unionist, general philanthropist, and latterly floater of limited li—

Mr. Jackdaw. Caw! Caw! Do be caw-caw-tious. Don't let's bother ourselves with the subject any more, so long as you've got out of it with clean hands. Let's prepare for the reception of our contributors, who came out to a man with you; but for goodness sake don't pull such a long face, otherwise I'll begin to doubt whether you are the author of "What Folks are Saying."

Old Shine-by-Night. Upon my honour I was until a fortnight ago.

Mr. Jackdaw. I believe you my boy. Excuse the impediment in my speech, but I am bound to say I caw-caw-congratulate you on getting out of such a task, as it was getting awfully difficult to say what folks were saying of a paper carried on on independent principles, and jockeyed by Conservative string pullers with purely Liberal principles—until the last election, when you pilled the Conservatives pretty considerably.

Enter P. D.

Printer's Devil. I say, Old Caw-Cawfoosalem, and my venerable Old Shine-by-Night, just look as wise as possible, as his Worship the Town Clerk of Manchester, the Mayor, Aldermen, and City Councillors, and the whole of the contributors to the *Jackdaw* are going to call upon you on their way back from the Cathedral. [Shouting down the stairs.] Now, look you here, Mr. Mayor, it won't do; Sir Joseph must come up first; he's the best friend we ever had, and what's more he's the best man in the Council, aren't you, Joseph?

Sir Joseph [below]. Certainly; I told you before, Mr. Mayor, I knew that it wouldn't do. People always appreciate ability, whether it's on the *Jackdaw* or on the minutes of the City Council, so let me pass first.

P. D. With your leave, Mr. Caw-Cawfoosalem, I'll announce your visitors. His Worship the Town Clerk of Manchester and Hal o' the Wynd, comparing notes; the Mayor of Manchester and the Old Fogie; the Bishop of Manchester and the Excommunicated Publican (a reformed edition), Alderman Willert—

Alderman Willert. Villert, Villert, you rogue.

P. D. And Miss Becker; Mr. Leppos and Mr. Rooke (warranted not to chatter at the Board of Guardians); Mr. Caw-Caw-ley and Mr. Charley, as long-winded as ever; Mr. Birley and Mr. Callender, contemplating the formation of a limited liability company to get the Conservatives out of debt; Mr. Jacob Bright and Sir Thomas Bazley's overcoat, arm-in-arm; Alderman Nichols and The Hypochondriac, both looking as if they were expecting a good dinner and dreading the consequences; Alderman Murray and The Novice; Mr. Fox Turner and Alderman Bennett after a slating; Father Gadd and the Dean of Manchester, quarrelling about having spotted the same text and preached the same sermon; Mr. C. Kenworthy and the Chairman of the Reform Club—a great catch for the Liberals; Mr. B. T. Walker and Mr. Mark Price, looking more in sorrow than in anger.

Old Shine-by-Night. I can't restrain myself any longer; bless me, I must congratulate Mr. Walker and Mr. Price on having left a society where their talents were never appreciated.

The Town Clerk. Order, please order.

Old Shine-by-Night. Help yourselves, gentlemen.

P. D. And take the time from me. For they are jolly—

Mr. Jackdaw. Caw! Caw! Gentlemen, gentlemen, remember the licensing act's in force.

P. D. Well, I think all the notabilities have arrived, the nearest to the door are Herford, the Free and Open Pew System Coroner—verdict—

Mr. Councillor Brown. Accidentally shut up.

The Town Clerk. I beg to propose that Mr. Brown be named,—

Mr. Brown. Not here, for goodness sake.

The Town Clerk. Then I wash my hands of you in future. I'd quote Hood if it wasn't Sunday.

Mr. Fox Turner. Hood believe it?

P. D. Supporting Mr. Herford is the Manchester Philanthropist, the beauty of whose countenance reflects the purity of his heart. Now that we are all assembled, let the proceedings be formally opened.

The B's hop. I'll find a text.

Old Shine-by-Night. I'll expound it.

Mr. Jackdaw. And I'll point the moral. Now, my lord Bishop, proceed. You can take your text from where you like.

The Bishop [whispers]. It's in the prospectus.

Old Shine-by-Night. Just so. My lord Bishop has given me a text. I needn't mention it to you, as it has no more reference to what I intend to say than have the remarks of his lordship, usually, in the pulpit to the texts which he commences upon. But no matter. In order, however, that my words may not bring us all to grief, I'll expound to you my feelings in dumb show. [Makes signs.]

The Bishop. God bless me! you don't mean it. Why I had intended to have puffed it in the pulpit!

P. D. Now, Sir Joseph, don't put your finger to your nose in that knowing way!

Sir Joseph. Mr. P. D., we are masons, and we knows what we nose; don't we Goldschmidt.

Mr. Goldschmidt. We dose.

Mr. Herford. Couldn't I hold an inquiry into the matter.

Mr. Jackdaw. Certainly not. And now that I've to point the moral, you shall have it in a few words. "Truth is strong, and will —"

P. D. Hush, don't you hear Owd Nick's footsteps in the neighbour-hood.

Omnes. Oh, lor! oh, lor! we are discovered.

P. D. Hush. [Voice heard from without.]

Owd Nick. There's a dreadful smell of literature about this keyhole. The voices seem to me familiar. Shall I quote Shakespere; methinks I will. [Noise from within, as if Mr. Fox Turner had cracked a joke with the Old Fogie.] Yes, Othello will do:

It is the Caws, it is the Caws, my soul.

Put out the light [looking at his cigar], and then put out the light.

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore;

Should I repent me: but [looking at a lantern burning dimly] once put out thy light,

I know not where is that Conservative wight

That will thy light relume — for thou has't damned where thou ought to have blessed; and blessed where thou ought to have —! Oh, municipal electors!

Oh, Potts!

The Town Clerk. Order! order! please.

Owd Nick. But no matter; I'll write a sketch of Callender myself next week, and swear it was written by the man who sketched Maclure and Fox Turner. The public will never smell the rat.

Mr. Callender [within]. Lor' defend me from my friends, especially if they are Conservatives, for they're expensive dependents.

Owd Nick. Oh, Conservative ingratitude!

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A POTATO.

IF in stones why not in vegetables? This is a question which it will take all the philosophy of the public to answer. The Lover of Nature is, or should be, an optimist, and makes it his duty to find good in everything. Some people, however, will perhaps say that sermons are not good. Some carping cynic took upon him once, I believe, to give the derivation of the word sermon from the Greek "eremos," which means barren, as thus—eremos sermo sermo by elision, sermon a barren discourse. This latter wicked definition is often but too truthfully applied; but there are sermons and sermons, so let us stick to our text and disarm criticism. It is stated, with how much truth I do not know, that when some Chinese mandarin discovered America, long before the time of Julius Caesar, let alone Columbus, the potato was in use among the aborigines of that country. It was used for medicinal purposes, and eaten raw for the cure of dysentery. The adventurous celestial reported this fact on his return home, and received a medal for his discovery, but the Chinese government did not adopt that simple remedy. That people never did adopt anything, and never will. After that, for many centuries, there was no further intercourse between the Chinese and the Americans, which people continued from age to age chewing their raw potatoes when they had any need to do so, and probably thanking the good spirit for having provided mankind with such an excellent medicinal root. Here is exemplified one difference between the civilized man and the savage. The Englishman grumbles when his potatoes are badly cooked. The savage chews them raw with a thankful heart. By and bye the savage, too, learnt to cook his potatoes, by what accident the following legend shall tell:—A certain aboriginal fell ill on an occasion, and, as is the custom of his tribe, shut himself up in a lonely hut with a large supply of potatoes, which he munched at intervals with a wry face—for no physic or remedy is nice to the taste. In a day or two, being now healed of his complaint, he determined to return thanks to the good spirit for the mercy afforded to him, and, searching about for a burnt offering, he could light on no better materials than six or seven of the potatoes afore-mentioned. Now, having lighted his fire and put on the potatoes to burn, he became rapt in meditation. Presently the vegetables began to hiss and crack, and emit a steam which was by no means unsavoury. The savage snuffed the fumes, his returning appetite was rendered still more so by the delicious scent. An idea struck that savage, viz., that that which smells so very nice must also be good to eat. Cautiously, in order that he might not disturb the good spirit, or burn his fingers, he withdrew one of the vegetables from the ashes, broke the incinerated surface with a sharp stone, and there was discovered to his view the rare and beautiful phenomenon of a well-cooked potato. That savage ate all those potatoes before he had finished his meditations, and ever after that the cooking of potatoes became a religious ceremony among those aborigines. Hence there arose among them a proverbial expression similar to that old English or French one, that "mass never hindered meat." Three times a day those savages prayed to the good spirit and devoured with gusto roasted potatoes. Such however is the perverseness of the savage intellect, that the course of generations was not sufficient to sever in the savage mind the idea of religion from that of roasted potatoes. Cookery and piety were handed down in beautiful union by tradition, and when the first Englishman leaped ashore in those regions, he was invited by signs to a religious festival, and regaled, to his astonishment, on a delicious vegetable food which he had never tasted before. My friends, how many thousands of us have ever tasted a potato properly cooked? How happy would many of us be if some munificent chance should instil into the mind of our cooks the idea of a well-dressed potato—a potato which is neither starchy nor stony, but which, without actually crumbling on the fork, breaks gently and suggestively into appetising morsels, which melt

in the mouth and nourish without repletion. Many of us are ignorant of these delights, otherwise I feel sure that we should ever after regard the cooking of potatoes as a religious exercise. And why not? I for my part do not see why a potato should not even be an object of worship; a well-cooked one that is. Men and women worship worse things every day, and grovel on their knees to them in the mud. I have my eye on a woman whom, as far as I am concerned, I would gladly have installed as a high priestess. Rarest of virtues in a woman! she knows how to cook a potato! she does not always roast them either. No, she boils them; nay she steams them, but they are always well done. A sordid virtue you will say! not at all, I say it advisedly; a woman who can cook a potato properly is equal to any emergency in this life to which woman may be subject. However, as woman is not my subject just now, I will conclude my sermon before I wander too far from my text.

THE WORM.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS is a thing which if you dig 'll
Be soon observed to writhe and wriggle;
Sometimes you need not dig at all,
In order to observe them crawl.

The circumstances altogether
Depend upon the kind of weather—
Dry weather causes worms to love ground,
While damp entices them above ground.

I do not know the reason why
The worms of dryness should be shy,
But still I'm certain that their shyness
May be accounted for by dryness.

So if upon the easiest terms
You wish to go and find those worms,
Upon those worms you'll make a raid
On days when you require no spade.

For oft in digging for them, you
Are apt to cut those worms in two,
An accident that you might term
Most inconvenient to that worm.

In this, however, you are wrong,
Though your conviction may be strong;
For worms have got a curious way
Of—consolation, let us say.

'Tis true, that worm in two is cut,
Completely, by your vigour, but
Those pieces now are but the germs
Of two complete and perfect worms.

Now, which is head and which is tail
To guess you'll find of no avail
In undivided worms-to tell,
I cannot teach you very well.

This is a very curious fact,
But still it is a truth exact—
A truth I could not comprehend,
Until I went and asked a friend.

"Dear sir, will you observe," said I,
"This wriggling worm, and tell me why
It should not die like I or you,
Or other men, when cut in two?"

He scratched his head, and looked at me,
And then he said that "really, he
In worms had no experience,
And could not tell in consequence."

And thus, he owned, this subject strange,
Was something quite beyond his range;
Myself, I have no hesitation
In waiving further explanation.

The worm, as probably as not,
Some strong objection, though, has got
To being severed by a spade,
No matter what effect be made.

The fact has never been decided
If worms can feel when thus divided;
In proof, 'tis said, we must not take
Those strange contortions that they make.

It is the nature of the beast
To wriggle, so they say; at least,
He doesn't do it any more,
When severed, than he did before.

The angler by the rippling brook
Impales that worm upon a hook,
And makes of it a lively bait,
For which the fishes lie in wait.

Now, if that angler is humane,
He'll reason thus: "I cause no pain,
It is not cruelty, I vow,
That worm would wriggle anyhow."

But could we reach what I may term
The sentiments of that poor worm,
I think that worm would freely own
He'd rather, much, be let alone.

"The worm," they say, "will turn," when vexed;
I wonder what they'll tell us next;
To "turn" in worms would be no virtue,
And if they did they could not hurt you.
Meantime the delver turns the soil,
And robin redbreast eyes his toil;
The worms uncovered, up he snaps,
Which do not suffer pain, perhaps.

ARE THE ORANGEMEN MAD?

EMPHATICALLY no, Mr. Enquirer. The question is, perhaps, a natural one for you, who observe how the walls and boardings have been recently put into requisition by these people. But no, they are not mad; don't think it. Do you call a jackass mad because he brays? Assuredly not; in this musical performance the donkey is but expressing the immemorial opinion of all asses, of which Balaam's animal was assuredly not the first to strike the key note. No, they are not mad; don't believe it. It is not aberration of intellect which causes the goose to hiss and stretch its neck and look silly. You will own that, Mr. Enquirer. Then why ask if the Orangemen are mad? Friend, do not entertain the idea. They are not mad, only foolish, but none the less an offensive nuisance. We should very much like to know, though, who are these Orangemen, or Protestants if the term is preferred, who issue disgraceful placards full of bombastic denunciations of bishops and feeble ecclesiastical jeremiads. Perhaps we are not right at all in calling them Orangemen; but will any one explain to us the difference between an ass and a donkey? Will any one tell us how it is that Manchester Protestants possess unique capacities for making fools of themselves? It is whispered, and it is to be hoped that the rumour is true, that there are only four Protestants in all, and that they have resolved themselves into a committee. A precious committee it must be. Teare, Taggart, English, Sylvester, with milkman Andrew as an honorary member in the intervals of his useful business. We sincerely hope that that rumour is correct, and that there are no more than four pestilent Protestant bill-stickers in Manchester. English and Andrew, if we recollect rightly, are the men who invented the new Protestant doctrine, that private correspondence may be made public in the interests of Protestantism. We understand from enquiries made that the work of the committee is divided among its members, thus—English, who is a sort of bedel, or ecclesiastical penny-a-liner for the *Rock*, looks after the secessions to the Church of Rome; Sylvester and Andrew have conspired over a milkcan to have the Bishops

turned out of the House of Lords; while Taggart and Teare, with occasional supervision from English, can do the literary and abusive part of the programme. They are not mad, however, these noble Protestants or Orangemen. Oh, no! they are only silly and offensive.

VERDICT, "FOUND DROWNED."

[BY OUR OWN CYNIC.]

RUEL life had nought to give her—
So the river
Seem'd to murmur, as she stood
In her tainted womanhood;
"Sin-bought bread won't last for ever,
Seek the rest that faileth never.
I from want and woe deliver"—
Said the foul enticing river.
Cruel life and cruel river!
Oh, the shiver
And the shudder at the choice!
Does she hear her mother's voice?
Can she hesitate to sever
Wasted soul and brain for ever?
Can the foul enticing river,
Really from all ills deliver?
Who shall answer all these questions
And suggestions?
Sin-stained instinct is her mother,
All humanity her brother,
As she stands upon the brink;
She is sinful—let her sink;
Naturally, destitution
Is the wage of prostitution.
So we find her in the river,
And deliver
Verdict just accordingly.
After all, society
Did not own this erring sister;
She was useful—no one missed her.
There are plenty more behind her,
Let us leave her where we find her.

ON THE HABITS OF POULTRY.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

TO watch the habits of poultry in a swamp, with a piano crashing jangling, jingling, and rumbling next door, is at present the lot of your unhappy Old Fogie. When I say swamp, I allude to a district in Moss Side, and I use the word advisedly at the same time. I don't object to the swamp much, but a swamp with a piano in it—an instrument which is going, on an average, fourteen hours a day, is a thing which requires exposing. It is a terrible thing to have only the thickness of a brick between oneself and fourteen hours of piano-thumping and yelling—for they not only play but sing. I don't know who they are, or what their other habits may be; but I wish that family all the ill which a man may to people whom he has never seen, and whom he is by no means desirous to hear. They all play upon that wretched instrument one down t'other come on. They never take their meals together, for the piano is everlastingly rattling. I verily believe that even the cat plays on that piano, and when the cat is away, probably the mice play. This may seem like exaggeration, but I am perfectly serious. The persons to whom I allude will read the present article, but they will not take it to themselves; such wretched people never do. They will think it relates to the people in the next street, and go on to all eternity with their rumbling, squalling, and strumming. They have about half-a-dozen tunes in all, which they repeat over again with a wearisome perseverance worthy of a better cause. After spending three hours on "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," they will strum a hymn tune, and pass on, with the interval

of a nigger melody, to some of the songs out of the "Sultan of Mocha," which some misguided person has published for the especial benefit of noodles who are learning to sing in fragile structures. Week days and Sundays are all the same, as far as the piano is concerned, to this family of miscreants, only that on Sunday they begin rather earlier, and leave off somewhat later; but the tunes—the execrable tunes, the false notes, the thumping and screaming, the cracked voices, and dissonant groans, are an every-day matter-of-course. I must turn that grievance into verse in my usual fashion:—

THAT INSTRUMENT!

That instrument! that instrument!
Of noises dire, and time misspent,
I supplement its noise with growls,
And watch the habits of the fowls!
That instrument! that instrument!
My eye is on those fowls intent,
But yet I cannot watch those fowls
And listen to those dreadful howls.
That instrument! that instrument!
In vain my muttered wrath I vent;
Those wretched fingers go on playing,
Not unaccompanied with braying!
That instrument! that instrument!
Of torture vile, to plague me sent
Straight from the enemy of Man! Oh!
Those notes! those screams! that d—d piano!
That instrument! that instrument!
In vain to murmurs I give vent,
I sent to say that I was ill;
Those wretches they are squalling still.
That instrument! that instrument!
A subtle plan I will invent—
I'll give a guinea to a man who
Shall go and scuttle that piano!
That instrument! that instrument!
I hired the man, away he went.
I must have been a precious ninny
To take and give that man a guinea!
That instrument! that instrument!
That man in drink that money spent;
From that fell deed the fellow shrunk,
And then at my expense got drunk!
That instrument! that instrument!
On which to rhyme I never meant;
I did to write with all my soul try
Upon the habits of those poultry.
That instrument! that instrument!
To gather wool my brains has sent;
I've done as much as mortal can who
Resides next door to a piano.

WALKER'S GHOST.

THE Jackdaw has been flitting about St. Michael's Ward during the past week, and on Monday last happened to drop on the window-ledge of the residence of Mr. Councillor William Brown. It was midnight, and the man of soap and suds was reclining on his virtuous couch, with his head enwrapped in a woollen night-cap; but his slumbers were uneasy, for on his breast sat the ghost of Mr. R. T. Walker, and if it had been the veritable ex-councillor himself he could not have been a heavier weight to bear. Between the howlings of the wind, to the Jackdaw's ear came the following:—

Walker's Ghost. And now, Brown, see what thou hast brought me to, with thy jests and gibes; but I'll be avenged on thee, or my name's not Walker.

Mr. Brown. Hook it.

Walker's Ghost. No, Hookey. I am thy late colleague's spirit, doomed, for a certain time, to walk the earth, and am no longer permitted to visit the spots which my name has made famous. But, no matter; I'll sit upon thy breast heavily o' nights, and I'll fret thee to the quick now that there's no Town Clerk to call me to order. Nay, man, writhe not in thy sleep; far easier canst thou make soap-bubbles out of paving-stones than shake me off.

Mr. Brown. I'm hanged if I am going to stand this. If the Town Clerk won't call thee to order, I'll oppose his having any superannuation.

Walker's Ghost. Be quiet, Brown, be quiet; my time has not yet come. Sleep on; and when thou goest to the Committee, to-morrow, remember Walker will call thee to good account for thy deeds at night. Thou lookest truly handsome in that woollen night-cap, and it grieves me to the heart to see thy face so distorted with anguish in thy sleep; but woe, woe to thee so long as thou hast a seat for St. Michael's Ward. Better for thee that thou hadst the Town Clerk tied round thy neck and cast into the sea, than to have made a mortal foe of Walker. Thou man with an alias!

Mr. Brown. Now, look here, Walker, I'm blowed if I am going to lie here to be called names. It's all very well for old Willert and the Town Clerk to call me — [snORES.]

Walker's Ghost. I didn't hear what they called you. You're snoring.

Mr. Brown. Not I; I only drew the French phrase through my nose.

Walker's Ghost [whispers in his ear]. Was it —?

Mr. Brown [jumping out of bed]. Ah! ah! I've been dreaming; but such a dream strikes more terror to the heart of Brown than a legion of Town Clerks. I'll sleep on my side to-morrow night, so that Walker's spirit will not be able to find a resting-place on my breast.

Walker's Ghost [mournfully, aside]. And now I'll go and give Sir Joseph a turn.

SOME HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

HAVING mastered the comparatively easy department of poetry which involves rhyming, the aspirant may gently try his hand at blank verse. As I have explained before, the rhymes in a poem cover a multitude of sins. By their aid the writer may often be able to dispense with reason altogether, and substitute very effectively nonsense for inspiration. In blank verse, however, the poet is thrown entirely on his own resources, and, unless he can resort to imagery, and have a strong imagination, with some knowledge of natural cause and effect, his efforts will result in nothing but failure. I will proceed to explain what I mean in the form of a lesson. I ask my pupil to take any subject which he thinks will suit him. He selects, as is common to beginners, the passion of love, and the description of some young woman, whom he celebrates under the name of

MARIA.

When I think of my Maria,
And of all the sweet perfections
Which, united in her person,
Cause me truly to adore her,
I am nearly at a loss for
Words descriptive of my feelings,
Of the charms which simply drive me
To the limits of distraction.

This is all very well, but so far the poet is a failure, because there is no imagery, and the expression of sentiment is very vague; but the aspirant promises to make up for this, after his own fashion:—

Brown her eyes are, and the lashes
Long and silky, dark and drooping,
Like the fringe upon the curtain
Which protects my parlour window
From the gaze of passing strangers.

This is very vague, because, as we all know, there is some curtain-fringe which is, at least, ten or twelve inches long. Besides, the idea is common.

place. This poet, however, has clearly not got a soul above upholstery, for he continues:—

On the head of my Maria,
Twisted into curls dependent
By a sweet and skilful process,
Grows the hair in brown profusion—
Brown as berries of the autumn,
In a certain stage of ripeness;
Or, if you should like it better,
Of the very self-same colour
As the table which I write on
When there is no cloth upon it.

The novice stops, and rubs his hands, as if he really had done something very clever. I have gone through it all myself, and am, of course, quite aware that this is not poetry at all which he is writing. But he resumes:—

My Maria's nose is perfect,
Long, and straight, and smooth, projecting
From her face of alabaster,
Slightly tinged with a suspicion
(To her face I am alluding)
Of a haunting flush upon it;
Just about as much of purple
As a skilful paper-stainer
Mingles with the virgin whiteness
Of an ornamental paper
To adorn a modest parlour.

I dismiss this poet, with a caution not to do it any more. It is evident that he, at all events, is a failure. Next week I will give some more specimens.

VAGARIES.

I.

HE loved horse flesh from his infancy; indeed, before he could walk, his proud parent had taken a delight in putting him astride some of the best blood which could be obtained for love or money. But times were changed. He was now the driver of a Manchester Carriage Company's bus, and his salary, like the company, was limited. Nothing recalled his young days so much to his recollection as the spirited appearance of the company's horses; and whenever he had any spare cash—which was rare—he spent it in airing his hobby. All English youths, even though their fortunes are lowly, doat upon the national love of horse flesh. He had a great weakness, too, for American trotting horses.

"It's the finest trotter I ever saw," he exclaimed with unmeasured warmth; and it was. He stood in front of the Infirmary, and the bones of the trotter—sheep's—were left at the feet of the Dalton statue.

II.

He determined to catch it. He wasn't going to pay for an office, and the full rates of the city, and be swindled in that way. So he consulted a book on natural history. In this compendium of useful knowledge he found the following extract:—"Rats are very fond of oil; indeed, they have been known to extract the cork of an oil bottle, dip their tails into the oil, and then help themselves lavishly." So he purchased a bottle of the best olive oil, corked it, and awaited for Mister Rat.

"Heads," said the rat, as he got his nose into the hole, "I win."
"Tails," said the rat, as he found his extremity slipping through his landlord's fingers, "you lose."

III.

"What's the fare?" "Just what your honour likes." "Oh, I'd prefer to leave it to you." "Well, you see, I was a candidate at the last election, and I lost heavily, so we'll say fifteen pence a mile." "All right, drop me at All Saints."

IV.

"I say, clerk, I've come to church to-night, and have forgotten my sermon; what's to be done?" "Oh, never mind, your reverence, I've

got a Manchester newspaper, containing three sermons of the Bishop's; you may safely deliver all three of them without risk of detection, as people have long given up reading his Lordship's sermons in the papers."

V.

"I say, Rowbottom, do you think that Ebbw Vale Stock will go up, now that I am Mayor of Manchester?" "Can you doubt it? Just keep up the Mayoralty for a year, and then retire, on the ground that your business engagements prevent your being in office two years." "Ah, I'm told London and North-Western Stock has gone up at least a half per cent, through King refusing to stand. Rowbottom, just ask for another £100 to be added to your salary."

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

FOLLOWING an established custom, we mean to reject occasionally contributions which are unfit for publication in a humorous and satirical journal. As, for instance, the following, which a pupil of our own poet has sent to us in mistaken zeal:—

THE SOUL OF THE BELLS.

'Tis the peaceful Sabbath evening, and the church bells faintly-pealing
From the distant village belfry, dimly seen amid the gloom,
Wake the heart that comprehend them to a deep poetic feeling,
As they break upon the stillness of the shadow-haunted room.
Faintly swellings, gently dying, on the night-wind rising, falling,
Every solemn, deep vibration, wakes an echo in the soul,
All the tender recollections of our childhood's days recalling,
Days for ever growing dearer, as the dark years onward roll.
Ah! how often have I listened in the twilight 'mid the shadows
To the low and mournful music of the bells upon the wind,
As the mellow sounds came floating up across the dewy meadows
To the casement where the clematis its clust'ring sweetness twined,
And now, as on the fitful breeze those gentle sounds are dying,
Till the last faint, tremulous murmurings seem heavenward to soar,
So, on the pauseless wind of Time those golden days are flying
For ever to be numbered with the things that are no more.

ALDERMAN BAKE TO THE RESCUE OF THE LADIES.

IT will astonish most people, as it certainly does the *Jackdaw*, that Alderman Bake is after all really turning out to be a veritable reformer. Notwithstanding what Mr. Wiseman and the cab-drivers of Manchester may say, the Alderman has unquestionably put the cab system on a satisfactory footing, at least to his own way of thinking, and now he has most humanely taken in hand the question of wife-beating. At a meeting of the Prestwich Board of Guardians, the other day, the worthy Alderman came to the rescue of the ladies, and actually proposed that a petition should be sent to Parliament in favour of flogging wife-beaters. Association with the Hackney Coach Committee has demonstrated to the Alderman the value of the application of the whip, and we hope he will not stop here. Possibly he might carry his humane views a little further and go in for flogging a lady who, metaphorically of course, wears the breeches. Indeed, the scope for the Alderman's labours is amazingly broad, and as he is fast reforming abuses, let us suggest to him, now that he has taken the ladies under his protection, that he should initiate a similar movement in Manchester to that which is going on in London in regard to lady cabmen. Pretty girls on the box-seats of hansoms, kissing the tips of their delicate fingers to gentlemen who might want cabs, would prevent altogether those unpleasant wranglings which now take place as to fares; and at the same time it would do away with the necessity of Alderman Bake and his colleagues summoning scores of unfortunate cabmen to the Town Hall to receive summary justice for their iniquitous ways. The only danger would be that some disputes might take place between the pretty cab-drivers and strong-minded ladies; but if there did, possibly Alderman Bake would be merciful and get one of the stoutest members of the Hackney Coach Committee to lay a whip, gently of course, on the backs of the offending fare ones.



WHAT SAYS HE? CAW!

Cowper.

PLUCKY thing! Alderman Baker to try and keep Sir Joseph in his proper place. Fine old fellow, Sir Joseph; but, and worthy Alderman just join in the chorus, "Beware, oh, beware; beware, oh, beware; beware how you tread on his tail."

Don't! If Sir Joseph gave you one from the shoulder, not all the efforts of the Improvement Committee could restore your Aldermanic dignity.

Alderman Willert, we sympathise with you. Scalding hot tears, the expression of the Town Clerk's sorrow, falling on your venerable velvet skull cap, are a worthy testimony to poor Old Walker's memory. Only for goodness' sake give up rushing into Goldschmidt's arms and exclaiming, "Ye shall debber dook upon his dike again."

Now! now! Sir Joseph, that won't do. Stick to the truth and shame the devil—printer's of course. It could not have been a whale which pursued you over the Atlantic, as it is well known whales cannot swallow anything so large as a Heron. Now don't shirk the question?

Perhaps it might have been a shark, only he kept his jaws shut as the city councillors do, when you insist upon their taking the minutes as read.

Right Reverend Father Gill, as we are talking about fish, may we ask if you hold the same opinions about the Sunday opening of oysters at the Aquarium. American's are now in season, are very inexpensive, and with good old Cunningham's brown stout, sold off the premises, might make the heart of anybody Gill-ad.

Excuse the wretchedness of the pun, as the expression is often heard in your own pulpit.

Dean Cowie, be not deceived. If Cromwell's statue is erected in Manchester it will be a lasting disgrace to the city. Let the Bishop say what he likes of Old Noll, he cannot deny that Oliver burnt King Charles at the stake, and turned parish churches and respectable neighbourhoods, just as the Manchester Carriage Company are now doing, into stables.

Alderman Grundy may defend the practice if he likes on the ground that it provided stalls for the canons, but what about the accommodation of the mayors, who were at church on Sunday, while the horses were left outside.

Mr. Croston can say what he has a mind, but we deny that the term "halter" was originated through any horsey act of Cromwell's.

So! So! Father Gadd you've been trying to steal a march on us. But we have an eye upon you, and if you don't send us the particulars of Herbert of Salford's pilgrimage to Moston Cemetery a few days ago we'll blow the whole affair. By Gadd, sir, we will.

Well, if that was all, you might have sold the Pope's old ashes to Shudehill instead of burying them. If you had done the former the defunct old cobbler who was disturbed by you might have had his other leg out of purgatory by this time, that is if he had shoes'n.

The next time Herbert goes to Rome see that you put a pair of slippers amongst his luggage, and let him not carry off valuable relics, which he cannot wear with peas.

Bishop of Salford, let the truth be told? Didn't you when you heard of the scandalous proceedings at the Warrington Workhouse say, "Is it Pozzible," and wink?

Oh! shade of ex-Councillor Walker haunt not St. Michael's Ward with such deep melancholy seated on thy noble features. Beard not Whisker, the excommunicated publican, for voting for Ben B., for when he "hatest thee worst, he loved thee better far than ever he loved the t'other," only custom rules all things. It's the old story of the Publican and Sinner.

Ex-councillor Potts, let us shake hands with thee in defeat. Don't fret about the expense, but ask Alderman Bake to let thee put on threepence a mile to thy fares for the next twenty years and thou'lt about be recouped for thy losses.

Messrs. Directors and Masters of the Exchange, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves for the peal of so-called bells, and the melancholy clock you have erected in the Exchange Tower. All the neighbouring clocks, had they tongues, would strike against you.

Orangeism seems to have reached its lowest degradation. The Tag-Rag and Bobtail school have taken to put up their placards at night, skulk in secret places during the day, and stab in the dark. Possibly King William of immortal memory, did he live now, would have approved of this policy.

Bravo! Old Dean, thou art winning men's opinions in the meantime; but where are we going to—hold out a hand to us—to Rome or St. John the Baptist's, generally.

Mr. ex-Councillor Butcher, in your short absence from town, a good deal of roasting has been going on.

Mr. Councillor Stewart, let us remind you that among the patronage of the Town Clerk at present, is the bestowal of the cap and bells connected with the City Council.

Will the cap fit? Alderman Baker, probably would hold the bells a bit till you try it on.

Miss Becker, at the woman suffrage meeting you gained golden opinions, for you spoke low—(so that the reporters could't hear)—"an excellent thing in woman."

Mr. Secretary Henn, is the object of the Hospital Sunday Fund a charitable one? If it is, charity ought to begin at home—we mean in committee.

You are right, Mr. Tindall, pompousness is the characteristic of the committee of the fund, and were it not so the working classes might be induced to give, where they now are taught only to accept.

THE RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

OF THE NOMINATIVE.

IN order to find the Nominative Case in any sentence, ask the question "Who?" or "What?" before the verb.

Example 1. "Bereft of its original literary staff, the *City Lantern* will probably not continue to sustain its original reputation, and will very soon sink to the position of an ordinary weekly publication." Here comes the question, "What is bereft of its original editorial staff?" with the answer, "*The City Lantern*," which is therefore the Nominative Case according to the rule.

Example 2. "Defeated ignominiously and replaced in the Council by a man of brains and education, Mr. R. T. Walker sinks to the position of a merely unimportant Conservative." *Question:* "Who has been defeated ignominiously, &c., and who sinks, &c., &c.?" *Answer:* "Mr. R. T. Walker," who is therefore in the Nominative in both instances.

A noun of multitude singular takes a verb in the plural or singular according to the sense, as "*The Council* contains now fewer Conserva-

tives than formerly." "The Chorlton-on-Medlock Committee are deprived of the valuable services of Mr. Potts."

Two or more Nominatives connected by "and" require a verb in the plural, as Messrs. Potts and Nicholson and the Conservative party are down in the dumps.

Two or more Nominatives connected by "or" or "nor," require a verb in the singular, as "It would not have made much difference to the welfare of the city whether Greenwood or Norris had been elected." "Neither Anderton nor Asquith came out from the election with white hands."

The verb "to be" takes the same case after it as it does before it, as "Mr. C. Kenworthy is a Liberal; it is to his advantage to be so now."

Note.—The Infinitive Mood of a verb is sometimes used like a noun, as in the sentence above. Example: "To make buffoons of themselves is the attribute of City Connellors."

OF PRONOUNS.

Pronouns are of three kinds, personal, adjective or possessive, and relative, as "Although the Bishop is talkative, everybody respects *him* or *his* lordship," "*him*" being personal and *his* possessive. "The Bishop is a man *whom* all respect;" *whom* being a relative pronoun.

The relative agrees with its antecedent in person, but not necessarily in case, as "Mr. Mark Price, Esq., the gentleman to *whom* we allude, is an estimable citizen, beloved by all who know him." It is incorrect to say "The gentleman to *who*," an exception being made for City Connellors who are not expected to speak grammatically.

MOODY MOMENTS.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

NEVER thought that I should live
My ancient ailments to regret;
But at this moment much I'd give
If all those ills were with me yet.

For now to write when I'm implored
I find the task is far more hard
Than when, with illness hipped and bored,
I first became a doleful bard.

The wretched health I once enjoyed
Affords me no enjoyment now;
My peace of mind has been destroyed
By health acquired I know not how.

I do not know what I have done
That I should have an appetite;
Or why no longer things I shun
Which used to overpower me quite.

The symptoms which I used to nurse
Have strangely left me altogether;
No longer in lugubrious verse
Can I descant upon the weather.

That druggist's shop I now can pass
Without the least desire to call;
In fact I'm come to such a pass,
That need for drugs I've none at all.

And so perforce you must excuse,
Until I have a fresh attack,
The scant effusions of the muse
That guides the hypochondriac.

MR. FOX TURNER AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

WE give the following for what the public may think it worth:—
Mr. Fox Turner presents his earliest compliments to Mr. Jackdaw, and begs to give him some explanation of a dead-lock which he came to at the Town Council last week. In speaking of the Infirmary, Mr. Turner suddenly found himself saying, utterly forgetful of the dignity of the Council, "Why, who the —; who in the world were

the owners of the Infirmary, if not the trustees?" Mr. Turner begs to say that, except for a slip of the tongue, it was never his intention to drag in the name of his satanic majesty where the Town Clerk might rule that it was out of order; but he intends in future to give up a habit, which he has acquired out of doors, of quoting an authority whose name won't bear repeating within the walls of the City Council, where delicacy of feeling and refined intelligence is alone to be found in Manchester.

A JEW D'ESPRIT.

Tune: "The Cork Leg."

TALE I will tell, it is no sin,
Of an Ebrew Jew with lots of tin,
Which he spends apace—you needn't grin,
Unless you are one of his kith and kin.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

A liberal man he is no doubt,
If you ask for coin he'll give you now't;
But something "in stock" he'll soon turn out,
Which you may if you please put up the spout.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

Whate'er in his shop's on a shelf or a peg
The hungry poor are invited to beg;
Of spectacles, too, he is good for a keg,
A stereoscope, or a wooden leg.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

His bounty has been, as you've heard or read,
In fertile showers on the School Boards shed;
That Ignorance now may be put to bed,
And Lazybones Science get up instead.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

It's unfair to complain how a hobby is rode,
And to those who object how his gifts are bestowed
He answers with cogeny, "This is my mode—
Let their minds be informed and their bellies be blowed."
Ri tooral looral, &c.

At the earliest date, we have heard him say,
The young must be taught the time of day;
Even babes at the breast, to become *au fait*,
Should be boarded out in the Milky-Way.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

He only asks in return—you may laugh—
Some soap, in the shape of a paragraph;
Oh, he's not such a fool as he looks by half;
Let the trouts which he tickles beware of his gaff.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

The case it is such as you seldom see,
Philanthropy, so to speak, out on the spree;
And with this solation perhaps you'll agree,
We've now had enough of our Jew d'esprit.
Ri tooral looral, &c.

THE OLD FOGIE ON STRIKE.

DEAR DAW,—You will excuse the abbreviation, I know, on the strength of our long acquaintanceship, though I have been so long accustomed to address you familiarly as "Jack," that that mode of address would come more trippingly from my pen, did not the dignity of your newly-fledged proprietorship suggest to me that you are "Jack to your familiars" only in private life. I was going to say that when in another capacity a week or two ago, you told me certain things, I announced my intention of going "on strike." You will excuse my repeating what passed, because I address myself to the public through you. "What!" said I, "shall I in my old age turn my landlady and the mutton bone into a limited liability company! shall I take that bone and devote it to the abominable purpose of pot-boiling for Tory stock-jobbers! shall I carry coals! No," said I, "rather may the mutton bone rot in

obscurity, rather may the Old Fogie be henceforth dumb, and not prattle any more at all about lodgings and lodgers, landladies and their failings." So we parted in sorrow, if not in anger, and I was "on strike." When you came to me some time afterwards and told me some other news, you know how quickly our old friendship was renewed. How I congratulated you on your determination to cut a somewhat disreputable connection need not be told here. I use the word disreputable in the sense that there was no repute to be got out of it, nor profit either, for that matter. Why should the men of the pen be doomed always to spread their brains on paper for the profit of others? It is an old story. You, sir, in your capacity of editor, used to come to the Old Fogie and say, "write us a bit of abuse of so-and-so, old chap;" and I wrote that bit of abuse, and the compositors up-stairs put that abusive article in type, the machineman printed it, the young ladies in the office (bless them) folded it, and the publishers sold that abusive paper and put the money in their pockets! Of course I use the word "abuse" in its jocular and harmless sense, for I firmly believe that the public of Manchester like being abused. My present landlady—but there is other matter on hand just now. This state of things, bad as it was, I endured for a time as a philosophic Old Fogie best might; but then there was talk of a company, with a Tory chairman, too, and some minor Tories to help him in the operation of turning our brains, yours and mine, and "Hal o' the Wynd's" and the "Street Philosopher's," and the "The Lover of Nature's," and so on, into dirty scrip. Even the groans of "The Hypochondriac" and the weak effusions of "The Novice" were all to be pressed into the service, transferred over to the company like so many office chairs and tables. It was then that I struck; that I went about inciting to rebellion. I was very near trying rattening; and as for picketing, it was to me a duty as well as a pleasure. And now, sir, in placing my pen as heretofore at your service, allow me to express a hope that your journal will be conducted in such a manner as to show that literary men are occasionally able to conduct their own affairs to a successful issue without the intervention of middle men, whether publishers or stock-jobbers, who, under the guise of assistance, suck the brains of those who have not always pockets to be picked.

A BIRD OF PROMISE.

I SING the Jackdaw, I, who lately sang Praises to Lantern light, and long had thought The theme to call my own. 'Twere needless here All that has passed to tell. Suffice to say That stormy winds have blown, the which displeased The lively sparks that 'erewhile made the flame I praised to you in rhyme. I now would tell In numbers rhymeless and more dignified How the ethereal essence of the flames From elements displeasing made escape, And, passing through the modern city square, Where is the noblest structure of the town, In search of other channels for their influence, There they beheld, perch'd on th' aspiring tower, And straight resolved that they would animate *Corvus monedula*, alias our Jackdaw. With strange effect 'twas done, the common bird Passed through a wondrous metamorphosis (See on the frontispiece his knowing head Sketched by our faithful artist, Watkinson), To pertness piquancy and point was given; Wisdom directed his intelligence; Enough of roguishness he still retained Men to amuse with tricks of innocence; But kleptomaniacal tendencies Jack, as by magic, felt from him depart; And, stranger still, no longer could he bear Sticks in his neighbourhood. He made resolve That literary matter, light but good, Only could hope his sifting eye to charm. In search of this he flew, with what result Readers may judge, and at the same time learn The other excellencies, here untold, Gracing their public servant, our Jackdaw.

HIS WORSHIP AT CHURCH.

THE Mayor of Manchester was, we are informed, at the Cathedral on Sunday, and the order of the procession from the Town Hall was as under:—

His Excellency Keeper Ward, with his Worship's Conservative principles under his arm.

Warrior Joseph Heron (carrying flag, bearing motto "I am"), armed to the teeth, scimitar up his back, double-barrelled American pistol peeping out of his nankeens.

His Worship, with his dignity in his pocket; his trousers shortened for the occasion.

Alderman King acting as a "Friend Indeed," by leave of the Quakers. The Newly-Elected Councillors, looking like a pack of shorn sheep with their tails between their legs.

Mr. Benjamin Brierley, prepared apparently to take up his place at the reading desk.

Mr. Fox Turner, in a curious mood, wondering what going to church meant.

Alderman Grundy bearing the Corporation plate and sixty-four threepenny pieces—one for each member of the Council.

Messrs. Griffin and Stewart protesting against the extravagance.

Mr. Mark Price expecting to hear a funeral sermon.

Aldermen and Councillors.

Captain Palin and Superintendent Tozer, the former got up as a constable and the latter as a fireman.

Councillor Ingham, bringing up the rear so that he could get out of the Cathedral easily, in order that his Worship might have a drink in going home.

SIR JOSEPH HERON.

[BY HAL O' THE WYND.]

And though that he was worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight,
He was a verray perdyght gentil knight.

For he was late comen from his viage,
And woute for to doon his pilgrimage.

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.

THE earliest records we possess on the subject of municipal government suggest that the function of town clerks has been from the beginning to control unruly meetings, to appease discontented citizens, to warn them against rash or ill-advised proceedings, to suggest the means of legal redress for offences, and in the last resort to read the Riot Act, dismiss disorderly assemblies and send them to their homes. Sir Joseph Heron is in respect of all these particulars a disciple and follower of whom the Town Clerk of Ephesus himself might have been proud. The recipes which the learned Ephesian employed so dexterously in quelling the disturbances originated by Demetrius, the silversmith, which filled the whole city of Ephesus with confusion, and culminated in a noisy revel, to which the annual commemoration at Oxford affords the only modern parallel, are precisely the same which his Manchester successor might employ at the present day in bringing to order Mr. Councillor Batty and his fellow-craftsmen could we suppose men so sensible capable of unduly and indiscreetly resenting the invasion of their trade privileges. A plentiful and audacious application of soft sawder, abundant plainness and directness of speech, and unshakable firmness, combine to form the essence of good government as practised in the Manchester Town Hall to-day as much as in the theatre at Ephesus eighteen hundred years ago. And he who applies these elements of good government with judicious skill and manifest success, be he called by whatever name you please, is as much a governor, although only a paid servant, as if he were one of ourselves, a brother beloved, an elected Town Councillor, a selected Alderman, or even a requisitioned Mayor. As much! by yea and nay, much more. Mayors come and go; their terms of office, however unduly prolonged, at length expire. But the Town Clerk never dies; his

dominion knows no end. This we write with a perfect recollection of the fact that new generations of Councillors are ever rising up who know not Joseph. Of late years incipient rebellions without number have brewed and burst against his autocratic authority. These have failed because they have been founded in error. The shopkeepers and trade secretaries who have gone into the Council to muzzle the Town Clerk have been misled by the limited meaning which in their circumscribed knowledge and trivial round of experience they attach to the words "employed clerk." The lamented ex-Councillor R. T. Walker had an idea that the business of the Chief Officer of the Corporation simply was to engross committee minutes and concuss windy motions into a grammatical frame and legal phraseology. Once, being egregiously out of order, and ruthlessly shown up by the Town Clerk, he asked—"What right have you to speak; what ward do you represent?" Sir Joseph courteously replied, "A larger ward than St. Michael's, Mr. Walker; I represent the entire city." The answer was effective for its purpose: it put down Mr. Walker and amused the other Councillors. In this art of brusque retort Sir Joseph Heron is an adept. Analysed, the statement contains within it a strain of sophistry from which his cleverest repartees are not always free. It ignores the fact that the representative of the entire city derives his representative capacity through the nomination, election, and employment of the representatives of the various wards of the city, and that to them, by virtue of their representative power, he must ultimately bow, however clearly he may be able to put them in the wrong. But there is a sense in which the Town Clerk represents the entire city more than any individual Councillor who exercises a sixty-fourth share of mastery over him. Under him the Corporation of Manchester has grown to be what it is; all the ramifications of its multifarious departments are at his fingers' ends; his knowledge of municipal affairs is more extensive, his experience wider, his legal wisdom riper than that of any single member of the Council, or perhaps than the collective power of any entire Committee. If it may be said that he has sometimes unduly snubbed an individual or a clique, if he has appeared headstrong and self-willed, and has forced his own way occasionally upon a reluctant Council, it has never been alleged of him that he has accomplished a favourite end by unconstitutional or tortuous methods. His personal impress has been evident upon the municipal policy of the Corporation, since, with other wise and patriotic men whom Manchester as it grows older and wiser will more and more honour, he assisted to establish it on a broad and liberal foundation. Parties have changed more than once in the interval, and popular idols have been, some of them unjustly, dethroned; but Sir Joseph Heron, we believe, from the time of his appointment to the present day, has never lost the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and were the city polled to-morrow for any purpose with which he could ally himself as a candidate, we believe that, irrespective of party, sect, or clique, Manchester would honour him chiefest among her citizens for his life-long and high-minded devotion to her interests and the excellence of his services.

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obscurity, rather may the Old Fogie be henceforth dumb, and not prattle any more at all about lodgings and lodgers, landladies and their failings." So we parted in sorrow, if not in anger, and I was "on strike." When you came to me some time afterwards and told me some other news, you know how quickly our old friendship was renewed. How I congratulated you on your determination to cut a somewhat disreputable connection need not be told here. I use the word disreputable in the sense that there was no repute to be got out of it, nor profit either, for that matter. Why should the men of the pen be doomed always to spread their brains on paper for the profit of others? It is an old story. You, sir, in your capacity of editor, used to come to the Old Fogie and say, "write us a bit of abuse of so-and-so, old chap;" and I wrote that bit of abuse, and the compositors up-stairs put that abusive article in type, the machineman printed it, the young ladies in the office (bless them) folded it, and the publishers sold that abusive paper and put the money in their pockets! Of course I use the word "abuse" in its jocular and harmless sense, for I firmly believe that the public of Manchester like being abused. My present landlady—but there is other matter on hand just now. This state of things, bad as it was, I endured for a time as a philosophic Old Fogie best might; but then there was talk of a company, with a Tory chairman, too, and some minor Tories to help him in the operation of turning our brains, yours and mine, and "Hal o' the Wynd's" and the "Street Philosopher's," and the "The Lover of Nature's," and so on, into dirty scrip. Even the groans of "The Hypochondriac" and the weak effusions of "The Novice" were all to be pressed into the service, transferred over to the company like so many office chairs and tables. It was then that I struck; that I went about inciting to rebellion. I was very near trying rattening; and as for picketing, it was to me a duty as well as a pleasure. And now, sir, in placing my pen as heretofore at your service, allow me to express a hope that your journal will be conducted in such a manner as to show that literary men are occasionally able to conduct their own affairs to a successful issue without the intervention of middle men, whether publishers or stock-jobbers, who, under the guise of assistance, suck the brains of those who have not always pockets to be picked.

A BIRD OF PROMISE.

I SING the Jackdaw, I, who lately sang
Praises to Lantern light, and long had thought
The theme to call my own. 'Twere needless here
All that has passed to tell. Suffice to say
That stormy winds have blown, the which displeased
The lively sparks that 'erewhile made the flame
I praised to you in rhyme. I now would tell
In numbers rhymeless and more dignified
How the ethereal essence of the flames
From elements displeasing made escape,
And, passing through the modern city square,
Where in the noblest structure of the town,
In search of other channels for their influence,
There they beheld, perch'd on th' aspiring tower,
And straight resolved that they would animate
Corvus monedula, alias our Jackdaw.
With strange effect 'twas done, the common bird
Passed through a wondrous metamorphosis
(See on the frontispiece his knowing head
Sketched by our faithful artist, Watkinson),
To pertness piquancy and point was given;
Wisdom directed his intelligence;
Enough of roguishness he still retained
Met to amuse with tricks of innocence;
But kleptomaniacal tendencies
Jack, as by magic, felt from him depart;
And, stranger still, no longer could he bear
Sticks in his neighbourhood. He made resolve
That literary matter, light but good,
Only could hope his sifting eye to charm.
In search of this he flew, with what result
Readers may judge, and at the same time learn
The other excellencies, here untold,
Gracing their public servant, our Jackdaw.

HIS WORSHIP AT CHURCH.

THE Mayor of Manchester was, we are informed, at the Cathedral on Sunday, and the order of the procession from the Town Hall was as under:—

His Excellency Keeper Ward, with his Worship's Conservative principles under his arm.

Warrior Joseph Heron (carrying flag, bearing motto "I am"), armed to the teeth, scimitar up his back, double-barrelled American pistol peeping out of his nankeens.

His Worship, with his dignity in his pocket; his trousers shortened for the occasion.

Alderman King acting as a "Friend Indeed," by leave of the Quakers. The Newly-Elected Councillors, looking like a pack of shorn sheep with their tails between their legs.

Mr. Benjamin Brierley, prepared apparently to take up his place at the reading desk.

Mr. Fox Turner, in a curious mood, wondering what going to church meant.

Alderman Grundy bearing the Corporation plate and sixty-four threepenny pieces—one for each member of the Council.

Messrs. Griffin and Stewart protesting against the extravagance.

Mr. Mark Price expecting to hear a funeral sermon.

Aldermen and Councillors.

Captain Palin and Superintendent Tozer, the former got up as a constable and the latter as a fireman.

Councillor Ingham, bringing up the rear so that he could get out of the Cathedral easily, in order that his Worship might have a drink in going home.

SIR JOSEPH HERON.

[BY HAL O' THE WYND.]

And though that he was worthy he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilonye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight,
He was a verray perigrit gentil knight.

For he was late comen from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

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THE MAYOR OF SALFORD'S NEW ROBE.

HIS Worship (Alderman Richard Harwood), the Mayor of Salford, attended St. Philip's Church on Sunday last, clothed, according to one of the Manchester dailies, "in his magnificent new robe and cocked hat," and accompanied by the officials of the Corporation in sublime livery. The Rev. P. C. Nicholson preached the sermon, selecting as his text, "Even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." We hear it whispered that the Mayor will wear his magnificent get-up to celebrate the anniversary of the Duke of Wellington's death, at Pomona Gardens, on Sunday next. Admission free!

THAT ANCIENT MAN:

[BY A PHILOSOPHIC LUNATIC.]

I WANDERED on the wintry wold—
The wind was blowing keen and cold;
I met a man of ancient mien—
A grey-haired man he was, I ween.
With aimless, faltering step he went,
His eyes upon the ground were bent;
"Old man," I said, "it seems to me
You ought not here alone to be.
"The memory of some deed unblest
Must rankle in that aged breast."
Says he, "I will my tale unfold"—
Says I, "Please, don't! it's awful cold."
Says he, "Young man, I prithee list!"
Says I, "Well, if you do insist"—
Immediately he button-holed me;
This is the story that he told me:—
"I sat me down upon the wold,"
Says he, "the wind was blowing cold;"
Says I, "Go on, my bones are freezing"—
No more could I remark for sneezing.
"I sat," says he, "upon the wold"—
Says I, "If I may make so bold,
You've made that statement once before;
Perhaps you do not mean to bore."
Again that grey-haired wanderer spoke—
"I sat me down to have a smoke,
I laid my clay-pipe down beside me—
I've been and lost it—woe betide me!"
Says I, "You wretched, ancient man!
I really don't know how you can!
Your conduct could not be absurder;
I thought, at least you'd done a murder.
"Begone!" I said, "and set me free;
What is your horrid pipe to me?
Release your hold upon my garment,
You most preposterous old varmint!"
I left that old man on the wold,
Where wintry winds were sweeping cold;
I really did not care a jot
Whether he found his pipe or not.

SCOTCH REVELS AT MANCHESTER.

MAISTER LITTLE presents his compliments to the editor o' the *Jackdaw*, and would be muckle obleeged to him for a bit paragraph ca'in attention to the proposed getherin' o' brither Scots at the New Year or Hansel Monday. The menshun o' Yule by a well-meanin' writer in the *Examiner*, last Friday, was silly, inasmuch as a' guid an' orthodox Presbyterians regard the observance of Christmas as a mere relic o' barbarism or of Paipish soopersteeshion. But a guid hearty Scotch fore getherin' at the New Year is na the less a gran' idea, and should be carried oot wi' speerit. There might be a guid parritch breakfast at Miss

Stewart's i' the early mornin'—though I maun say, "up in the mornin' no for me"—and an adjournment afterwards to the pond at Old Trafford, where, if the weather peermitted, there might be a curlin' match, or a game at the shinty whether or no. A nip or twa', or a pint o' strong Edinburgh y'll would keep the laddies in guid heart for their beef an' greens i' the eenin'. It's a gran' time o' year for hailsome Scotch comestibles. There's plenty green kail and cockyleekies, finely in season for soops. Their discairdin' stewed eels, whilk Miss Stewart aforesaid kens weel enough her auld Edinburgh customers simply scanner at, we could easily get caller haddies and abundant flounders. A haggis or twa could be imported from Waugh's,—care bein' taen that they should na miss the train, as happened at the Burns dinner at the Merchant's, a year or twa sin syne—but failin' that, a singit sheep's head or a dish o' mince-collops would grace the table finely. Then for the e'enin's entertainment, wha can beat us at songs? There's "Willie brew'd a peek o' mant," and "A lad was born in Kyle," though I will confess wi' shame that there's nae twa members o' the Manchester Burns Club that can gree as to the proper raisin o' the tane. If Auld Nick—but wheesht, or, as ye say, Caw (whilk I jalouse is jist short for caution)—an' Hal o' the Wynd could be induced to dance the Heelan' fling thegither in kilts, the success o' the meeting wad be guaranteed. An' what for noo? Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Lassie, bring here the toddy jug.

HIS AND MINE.

HE "breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth he knew not where;"
Of course I knew where mine would go,
I went and posted it, you know.
That poet's song, "from beginning to end,
He found again in the heart of a friend;"
I thought how jolly that must be,
And hoped it might be so with me.
But no such friendly breast it found.
One day, the postman coming round,
Restored to me my futile sonnet,
"Declined with thanks," inscribed upon it.

"GEORGE!"

IT was about as small a specimen of a Street Arab as ever you might wish to see; and yet he was an intelligent and bright-eyed youngster, whom many a woman would have been proud to call son. He had a bundle of evening papers under his arm, and was struggling with a wet and bedraggled bill, on which flaming black letters denoted that something startling had occurred. There was a big word on this same bill, and he was shouting it out in his "shrill, childish treble," with perfect accuracy. It was his wonderful mastery of the word that caused us to pause, and he was at our side in an instant. "Paper, sir? Here 'are, sir, on'y a ha'penny! Embezzlement case, sir?" He pronounced the long word with perfect accuracy; and to our enquiry, "Who told you to cry that?" he smiled knowingly, and answered "George!" This was purely enigmatical to us; and, in answer to further questions, he told us the following story of how an evening paper is published, so far as regards the Street Arabs:—

"Don't know who George is, sir? Well, I thought ev'rybody knew 'im. You've seen us in Bellhouse Street, arn't yer, sir—dozens on us, knockin' about and larkin'? Of course you have; everybody has as knows owt about the place. Well, there's gen'rally a hunderd on us kids and girls waitin' for the *Evenin' News*, and it's George as gives 'em us. There's first and second, you know; them's th' editions, and it's the second as is most sold. Just at four o'clock on a arternoon we get together outside the office, and we've to wait till he'll let us in. We get fightin' for places, and pulling each other about; but if we kick up too much row, he's down on us like shot. We get ready at a quarter arter,

and then we stand just at door ready for a rush. George gives a clap—a reglar good 'un—with his hands, and that's the signal. It's fine sport, then; aint it though? We all rush in fightin' and tumblin'. You know all make-believe. George watches us, and he won't let us shout. We've to make a noise quietly, as he says, and we tramp, tramp in just as thick as bees. It's two wriggles and a squeeze, and then you're in. We've to get in a row and take turns, and we gets as close as bricks, all round the big room. There's a fire in winter, and we get warm and nice, I can tell you. We reg'lar fill the place, and sometimes swells comes and looks at us and laughs at us, we're so rum looking, they say. We don't mind, you know, it don't matter to us. If we said anythin' disrespectful, George 'ud cuff us. He won't let us do as we like; and if a big 'un beats a little 'un, or pinches a copper, he cuffs the big 'un, and makes him turn the money up agen. He knows what things is, I should think he *does* and all. They calls him "publisher," and *don't* he publish—oh not at all! He knows all the tricks, 'cos he's been in that office near seven 'ear, over since the *News* was started. I've heerd him say so, and he stands at back of counter just as if he growed there. He's lots o' papers piled up as the agen's buys and we lads don't. But we sell Birch's sermons, and time-tables, and the 'comics' sometimes; and all these is in big lots. We wait till papers come from cellar where the mashines is, and some on us fetch the big bills and fold 'em ready. As soon as the men rush in with piles of *News*, ready in dozens, you see, we get our coin ready and then George starts to serve us. Aint he quick, too! It's a treat for the slow 'uns to watch him. There's between three and four hundred to be served altogether, as other lads come in at half-past four; and at a quarter to five we get first dose. He serves as fast as lightnin'. He nearly knows how many each on us wants, and he slaps a dozen or two down, collars the money as we throw it on counter, sweeps it in till, and chucks us a bill afore we know where we are. We shove and push, but he keeps us in order and makes us take turns. He tells us what to call out, and we allus look to him to tell us, as he knows what'll sell th' paper. Bless y'ur life, sir, he gets rid on us in no time. In 'arf-an-hour we're all over th' town shoutin' like mad. I heerd him say as how he gets twelve hundred dozen out every night afore half-past five, and he does, I'll back. Do we ever try to cheat him in the money? Well, you *must* be a green 'un! He tells in a minnit without countin'. Just let a kid try it on, and he'd be down on him like boltin'. He's too sharp for that, I'd let you know, and we can't get over *him*, though we know a thing or two. That's GEORGE, sir, and now you know."

And the youngster went his way shouting as lustily as if his life depended on making his voice heard, and perhaps it did.

FIGHT BETWEEN A SEA-SERPENT AND A WHALE.

[BY A STREET PHILOSOPHER.]

(See the evening papers of Tuesday last.)



WONDERFUL story I have to relate
About a sea-serpent that fought with a great
Big whale,

In the silly season of seventy-five;

You may rail

At the tale,

And strive

To pooh-pooh it as much as you please;

But the seas

Have many more stories than ever came out of them,
And when they are printed it's treason to doubt of them.

For ever so long the sea-serpent forlorn,
Chafed and chagrined by the silent scorn

Which upon him was cast,

Determined at last

That no longer content to remain on the shelf,

He'd distinguish himself;

Hence the paragraph,

At which you may laugh;

But a combat between a sea-serpent and whale

Is no subject for mirth, but a serious tale.

So out he came,
With eyes of flame
And dreadful mane,
Renown to gain.
He saw a whale
And a ship in sail,
So he vowed that, sure as he was alive,
In sight of that ship that whale he'd chase,
In the silly season and year of grace,
Eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

Now by that ill-conditioned kraken,
That whale was quickly overtaken;
And soon a fight
Ensued in sight
Of curious gapers
Who wrote to the papers
About the capers
Of the sea-serpent;
And the tale they sent
Was to this effect,
If I recollect:—

Twice round its monster foe the serpent coiled,
The whale it wriggled and the sea it boiled;
Full sixty feet of serpent waved in air,
A sight which made the bold marine to stare.
From these particulars you may compute
The very large dimensions of the brute;
Just take the figures, now—but while you dot 'em,
The snake and whale have sunk unto the bottom.

Now, having lost sight of the ill-fated whale,
And the serpent also, the spectators turned pale

With fright,
Well they might,
For in a jiffy
Rose that snake,
Looking as if he
That ship would break.

A sort of look-out that the crew didn't much like,
So they hastily armed them with hatchets and such like.

But luckily they did that serpent's maw shun,
Without the need of any such precaution;

For the brute that they so feared
Very calmly disappeared,
With no apparent reason,
Until next silly season.

But he got his paragraph,
Though not long enough by half;
And he sulks and takes his solemn
Oath, that soon he'll earn a column.
For when politics are slack'll
Be the time a ship to tackle;

And, by swallowing the mast,
Get his name up at last.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO INDIA.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

(By telegraph.)

MANCHESTER, THURSDAY, 1 A.M.

We have just arrived at Poonah. Large town. Lots of niggers.
Good shooting if they won't run.

2 A.M.

Two hundred native regiments (four hundred strong in all) received us
with wild enthusiasm. The peals of artillery could have been heard in
Market Street by anyone with a strong imagination. The native regiments
are armed with spears, and dressed in top boots and paper collars.

3 A.M.

Forgot to mention that the native regiments also wear belts. The
Governor, who mispronounces, got in doos of a row for saying that they
were 'Indoos. His Royal Highness, in a state of perspiration, says they're
more like hotentots.

4 A.M.

We are afraid we can't visit Pugerawajjiporesmalaji in consequence of the floods. Must therefore go to Oommoorowollaper a day before we're expected. Bahahahapkop Singsong Colliwollapor sends his kind regards to Dr. Fraser. His Royal Highness says the whole — journey is a — bore, and wants you to send him out an early copy of the *Jackdaw*, via Suez.

5 A.M.

His Royal Highness is in excellent health and spirits (especially the latter), and his high breeding, unfailing courtesy, and distinguished bearing, to say nothing of his unutterable amiability and extraordinary dignity, have sent two thousand native princes into ecstasies.

FRIDAY, 12 P.M.

The native princes have happily recovered. The heat is 89° His Royal Highness is reclining regally upon a sybarite couch, and five hundred natives are fanning him. Punkah is the Hindoostanee for fan. (N.B. A Pun Kahn be made of that.)

NEXT WEEK, 1 60 (H-M).

Awfully hot. His Royal Highness is asleep. I'm just going as far as the Thatched House for a bitter. More next week. Don't forget the early copy of the *Jackdaw*. His Royal Highness's compliments to the *Lantern*; and "how's its circulation?"

THE TOWN CLERK AT SEA.

Tune: "Guy Fawkes."

SOME time ago it was agreed
(To nobly his renown mark),
That twelve months in Americes
Would recreate our Town Clerk.
I mean, twelve months he might have had
With joy to all about 'im;
But Joseph knew we couldn't do
For much less time without 'im.

Oh, dear no, tol de rol, &c.

He straightway bundled up his traps
By porters' aid and cabbies',
And then prepared to plough the main—
His spouse and all his babbies.
That is, he would have ta'en his wife,
But helpmeet had he none, sirs,
You don't catch Joe have more to do
Than think of Number One, sirs.

Oh, dear no, tol de rol, &c.

Upon the briny deep once launched,
At night he walked the deck last;
The morning dawned—a lurch, a plunge—
And he threw up his breakfast.
That is, he would have thrown it up,
But facts we'll not gainsay, sirs,
For Joe had eaten nothing since
The ship got under way, sirs.

Oh, dear no, tol de rol, &c.

When he, at length, his sea legs got,
He up and down went tearin',
Until his corns began to ache,
And then he fell a swearin'.
That is, he would have sworn, but still
From truth we'll not retrogress;
Says he "don't chaff my case as one
Of bunyan's pilgrim's progress."

Oh, dear no, tol de rol, &c.

What more befel by sea and land—
Why should we wish to quell it?
His interviews and billet doux
We now proceed to tell it.
That is the tale we would have told
Omitting not a word, sirs,
But you and he, this week will see
The space we can't afford, sirs.

Oh, dear no, tol de rol, &c.

LETTERS OF APOLOGY.

THE Bishop of Manchester appears at last convinced of the inexpediency of overwork. A few nights ago his lordship shirked a meeting which he had been invited to attend at Macclesfield, on the ground that the acceptance of extra-diocesan engagements would break his health; and on Sunday he appears to have confessed to the letter-sorters at the Post-office, that his much preaching to others left him no time to say his own prayers. It was unfortunate that on the night when the Bishop made his pathetic appeal to the Macclesfield Useful Knowledge Society, to be let off from making a speech, he should have appeared in full fling at Accrington, and we are forced to believe that a spice of malice on the part of the reporters suggested the practical joke of printing his lordship's apology in one column and his speech in the next. It will further be a misfortune for his lordship, and for other public men as well, should these indefatigable purveyors of news, failing to exact speeches, take to printing letters of apology. This, we imagine, might be the result, as chronicled in the *Manchester Advanced Press* of a few years hence:—

MR. W. ROMAINE CALLENDER, M.P.

At the annual meeting of the Salford Diocesan Crusade, held last night, much disappointment was caused by the reading of a letter from Mr. W. Romaine Callender, M.P., who stated that in consequence of a severe toothache he was unable to preside as he had intended.

The attendance at the monthly symposium of the South Lancashire Provincial Lodge of Freemasons, last night, was exceptionally brilliant. The R.W.M. (W. R. Callender, M.P., J.P., D.L., F.G.S., &c.) appeared in high spirits, and played "The Masons' March" on a penny whistle.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER FOR SALFORD.

Mr. Charley, M.P., had promised to be present at the monthly meeting of the Salford Property Owners' Association, on Tuesday evening, but was unable to fulfil his engagement, in consequence of being detained in Chambers at a consultation.

A remarkably pleasant gathering took place at the offices of the Women's Suffrage Association, in Jackson's Row, on Tuesday evening, Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., opening the ball, by dancing down Miss Lydia Becker in an Irish jig.

THE PROSPECTIVE LEADER OF THE NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

A damper was cast over the social meeting of the executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, on Wednesday, by the absence of the hon. secretary, who was confined to bed by a serious attack of lockjaw.

The glories of the old Free and Easy, at the Hare and Hounds, were more than revived on Wednesday evening. An ex-chairman, now Q.C., presided with all the hearty abandon which specially characterises him, and charmed the company by his appreciative reading of "The Pope he leads a happy life."

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE HACKNEY COACH COMMITTEE.

Great consternation was caused at the Town Hall, on Monday, in consequence of the unexplained absence from the A Committee-room, at six o'clock, of Mr. Alderman Bake, who was never before known to miss a meeting of the committee, and over which he so worthily presides.

A well-known sporting Alderman was successful, on Monday afternoon, in pulling off a trotting match for £50 a-side, over the Manchester Racecourse, with the popular representative of St. Medlock's Ward.

And so on, ad infinitum.

NOTICE.

"NAILED TO THE COUNTER;"

OR,

"The Hard-up Conservative:"

A Story of Local Interest, will appear in our next issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

J. W. O. (*Bowden*).—Thanks. The verses are good, but have been anticipated in various ways.

H. S. F.—(1.) We must decline to explain. (2.) The whole staff, without any exception. There were very few occasional contributors.

J. M.—We have carried our memory across the way with us. See *City Lantern*, No. 5, p. 35, second column.

THE CITY JACKDAW,

CONDUCTED BY THE

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